## IF YOU WANT NOTHING, Don't Read This Column.

Half of this column belongs to R. L. Newsom, and when paid for it gives him a considerable paid up interest in The Ruscheshipes News, and if customers flock to him as food News, and if customers flock to him as freely as or former advertisements, no doubt he will be able

to pay for it.

Lot us introduce the subject by asking a few leading questions :

DO YOU WANT MONEY? CALL ON B. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT COLLECTIONS MADE? DO YOU WANT TO SELL A CASH NOTE? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT TO RENT PROPERTY?

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CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT A NEW WAGON? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

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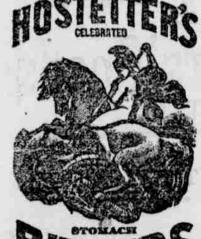
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want for the money, and sometimes without it, depending on the humor you catch me in. CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. I am agent for one of the best Shingle Fac-

tories on the Ohio river. If you want Good Shingles, CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

IF YOU WANT NONE OF THESH THINGS YOU ARE HAPPY, R. L. NEWSOM.



TORPID BOWELS,

TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
And MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headsche, fullness after cating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizelness, Fluttering at the Heart, Bots before the eyes, highly colored Crime, CONSTIPATION and domand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUFT'S FILLS have no equal. Their action on the lideys and Skin is also prompt; removing all inpurities through these three "seavongers of the system," producing appectic, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUFT'S FILLS cause no names or gripping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect.

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BRECKENRIDGE

VOL. VIII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1884.

THE NEW YEAR.

New York Sun.
With gold of joys and with iron of sorrows.
Freighted and filled, shall the New Year glide Through storm and sunshine to new to-morrow And unknown havens o'er Time's fierce tide. The bells for the dead Old Year are knelling, But we drown them all with a lusty cheer
As the sails in the wind of our hope are swelling
— Happy New Year!

Oh, the breeze was hitthe, and golden-hearted Were the old, sweet days on the Old Year's deck, But her sails were torn and her timbers parted, And slow she drifted and sank a wreek: Nor wake again till the awful thunder Of judgment thrills through the awaying seas

With prayer for the dead and with glad thanks-For these who weathered the heavy gale— Oh, with tears for the dead and thanks for

living,
O'er the draad waste again we sail.
Though waves seethe white, and though skies colder,
May our bands and bearts be stont and fast;
And Love, grown younger as we grow older,
Be our Captain true till the voyage be past.

Shall we ride at anchor in sunny barbers.

Away, for the flushing dawn is waking
As she feels on her cheek the free wind's breath;
Cheerity, though none knows the cause we are
taking.
Who shall land, or who sink in the guifs of Pilot of souls ! though the broad earth be riven

With grieveus lightnings; though our New Year bark
Be shattered by sterms, or by wild winds driven,

Steer those we love by thins own sea mark!
Master of Life, whatsoo'er may befall us,
Save from the deep the true hearts we held dear, 'For whom we implore, the' quick death shall

call us, A Happy New Year! UNDER THE RED FLAG.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER II.

LEFT PATHERLESS. One gray, hopeless afternoon, when there had not been a rift in the slate-color ed sky since daybreak, Kathleen suddenly

turned from the window, against which she had been flattening her pretty little nose, in the hopeless attempt to find amusement in looking into the empty street, and ask-"Does it ever rain in Ireland, Biddy?"

"Yes, love, it does rain sometimes; and sure, darlint, that's why the hills and the valleys are all so soft and green. You wouldn't have it always dhry; the flowers wouldn't grow without any rain."

"Must there be rain?" inquired Kathleen simply. "Papa says I musn't cry. Why should the sky cry? The sky is good, isn't

"Yes, dear; it is God's sky."

"But papa says it's naughty to cry." The time came only too soon when very real tears, tears of passionate grief and wild despair, were shed in that dingy Belace with starvation.

The captain caught cold one bitter Feb ruary night, coming home, in the teeth of the east wind, from his favorite cafe; and although devotedly nursed by Biddy and Rose, who was sensible and womanly beyond her years, the cold developed into acute bronchitis, under which James O'Hara succumbed, a few days after his thirty-seventh birthday, leaving his chilfren penniless and alone in the world. There were only a few france in the cap tain's purse at the time of his death; for the short, sharp illness had been expenive, albeit the English doctor, a retired navy surgeon, had been most modest in his charges. The captain's watch and signot ring were pledged to pay for the funer al; and while the coffin was being carried to the cometery, a letter, ill spelled and illwritten, but full of tender womanly feeling, was on its way to the wealthy Miss Fitzpatrick, of Bath, pleading for her orphaned great-niece Kathleen, and Kath-

een's penniless stepsister.

Miss Fitzpatrick of Bath was a staunch Roman Catholic, and a conscientious wo man, but she was not a warm-hearted wo man, and she was not deeply moved by the thought of the captain's untime'y death, or of his desolate children. She had been very angry with him for running away with her nicce, who was also her companion and slave; and she had never left off being angry; yet she had given him money from time to time, considering it her duty, as a rich woman, to help her poor relatives. And now she was not inclined to ignore that duty, or to deny the orphan's claim She went over to Bruges, saw the children, and in Kathleen beheld the image of her own dead sister's little girl as she had first seen her twenty years ago, when the orphan was sent to her rich aunt, as the legacy of a dying sister, the sole issue of a foolish marriage. And behold, here was another golden-haired child, so'e issue of another foolish marriage, looking up at Theresa Fitzpatrick with just the same heaven-blue eyes, and the same scared, shrinking look, as doubting whether to find a friend or foe in the righty clad state-

ly dame. If Miss Fitzpatrick had been of the melting mood, she would assuredly have taken the child to her heart and her home. and the child's dark eyed, frank-browed, lovable stepsister with her. There was ample room for both girls in the big handsome house at Bath-empty rooms, which no one ever visited save the housemaid, with her brooms and brushes! luxuriously furnished rooms, swept and garnished, and

kept in spotless order for nobody. Although there was ample room in Miss Fitzpatrick's house, there was no room in Miss Fitzpatrick's heart for two orphans. "I shall do my duty to you, my dears," she said, "and I shall make no distinctions

although you, Hore, are no relation of mine, and have no claim upon me."

filling with tears.

"No, my dear, I shall not separate you have to make your way in the world, and have they been educated?" she asked, appealing to Biddy, who stood by, curtarying every time she looked her way.

"Sure, me'am, my lady, the captain was poethry to the two childer, beautiful-Hamlick and the Ghost, and King Leerd, apron at her eyes.

"My good woman, you do not underimpatiently. "I want to know what these children have been taught. I begin to fear | ny for five long years; till it seemed to the they have been sorely neglected by that sisters as if they could never have known foolish man. Can they read and write and

Biddy, hard pushed, was fain to confess hat Kathleen did not even know her letters, and that Rose was very backward with her pen, though she could read beau-

rick. "And now, Bridget Ryan, I'll tell last year. The good, faithful Biddy was you what I mean to do; you seem to have been a faithful servant, so I shall not al low you to be a loser by Captain O'Hara's death. I shall pay you your wages in full, and send you home to Ireland."

"With the young ladies?" saked Biddy, beaming.

"What abould the young ladies do in Ireland?" exclaimed Miss Fitzpatrick; they baven't a friend in that wretched country. No, you can go back to your toil, the coarse, common clothes, were, to home, for I suppose you have some kind of home to go .to. But I shall place the two young ladies in a convent I have been told | with fruit and cakes, she brought them about, three miles from this city, where they will be carefully educated and kindly looked after by the good nuns. I shall pay for their schooling and provide their ward robes till they are grown up; but when they come to nineteen or twenty, they will have to care their own living. The better they are educated the easier they will find it to carn their bread."

Biddy could but confess that Miss Fitzpatrick, upon whom the elder sister had no shadow of claim, was acting very generously, yet she was in despair at the thought of being separated from the children she had nursed, and who were to her as her children, and brought them up in comfort, and been as happy as the days were long. They would have run about the fields bare foot, and with wild uncovered hair, and made a friend and companion of the pig. but they would have grown up strong and beautiful in that free life; and it seemed to her that such a life would be ever so much happier for them than the enclosed convent in the flat, arid country outside Brug es, the grim white house within high walls, the tall, slated roof of which she and her charges had seen one day in their after-

She accepted her wages from Miss Fitzpatrick, but she declined the fare home to

"It may be long days before I see that b'essed country," she said, "for, with all submission to your ladyship, I shall try to get a place in Bruges, so that I may be near these darling childer, and gladden my eyes with the sight of them now and then. as the good nuns give lave."

Miss Fitzpatrick had no objection to this plan. She was a good woman, according o her lights, but as hard as a stone. She wanted to do her duty in a prompt and business like manner, and to provide for these orphans; not because she cared a straw for them, but because they were orphans, and to feed the widow and the orphan is the business of a good Catholic.

She put the two girls into a fly next morning, after spending an uncomfortable night at the best hotel in Bruges, where the foreign arrangements and the all-pervading odors afflicted her sorely, and drove straight off to the Sisters of Sainte Marie

Here, in a rambling, chilly looking louse, with large whitewashed, carpetless rooms, and corridors smelling of plaster, Miss Fitzpatrick handed the orphans over to the Reverend Mother, a stout, comforts ble-looking Belgian, who, for a payment in all of ninety pounds a year, was to lodge, feed, clothe, and educate the two children from January to December. There were to be no vacations-the school your was to be really a year. Children who had parents might go home for a summer holiday; but for these orphans the white walled con vent, in its flat, sandy garden, was to be the only home.

And now there began for these two or chan sisters a new life-very strange, very cold and formal, after the life they had led with the careless yet loving father and the devoted nurse. It was a life of rule and routine, of work and deprivation. The convent school was a cheap school, and though the sisters were conscientious in their dealings with their pupils, the fare was of the poorest, the bees were hard and arrow; the coverlets were thin, dormitories draughty and carpetless, everything bleak and hare. The children rose at unnatural hours in the cold, dark mornings, and were sent to bed early to save fire and can- to be spent in masses for the beloved deal. dle. It was a hard life, with scarcely a ray of sunshine. Some of the nuns were | money to that sacred purpose "You won't take Rose away?" cried kind and some of the nuns were cross, just Eathleen, pale with terror, the blue eyes as women are outside convent walls. There 'ting's money?" she asked.

were no pleasures, there was very little to while you are so young," answered Miss pleasure for their pupils. Chapel and les-Fitzpatrick, complacently settling herseif sons, lessons and chapel; chapel twice a a good deal of misery. in her sable-hordered mantle. "By and day, lessons all day long; that was the by, when you are young women, you will round of life. Half an hour's recreation now and then-just one brief half hour of with all her lit le treasures in a small jupthen you may be parted. But for the next leisure and play, if the children had anned bex that had belonged to her fathfew years you shall be together. How strength to play, after two long hours bend-

ing over books, pazzling over sams. Rose bore her trials like a heroine Kathleen fretted a good deal at first, and then, when she grew older and stronger, very careful with them; he'd never have she became a little inclined to occasional let the dear children out of his sight, only outbreaks of rebellion. She had a sweet, he wanted a little gentleman's society now loving nature, and could be ruled easily and then, blessed soul, and he liked to by love-by threats or hard usage not at spend half an hour or so at a caffy. But all. The nuns, happily, were tond of her, many's the day I've heard am reading and petted her for her beauty and brightness and graceful ways. While dark, proud Rose, earnest, thoughtful, laborious, plod and Lilly O'Rourke. There never was a ded on at her studies, always obedient, better father, if the Lord had been pleased always conscientious. Kathleen learned by to spare him," concluded Biddy, with her fits and starts, was sometimes attentive. sometimes neglectful, sometimes industrious to fever-point, sometimes incorrigistand my question," said Miss Fitzpatrick | bly idle. She had all the freaks of genius.

Life went on thus with a dismal monotoany world outside those convent walls, any borizon beyond that western line of level marsh and meadow, where they used to watch the sun going down in a golden bed behind the tall black poplars. To Kathleen it seemed as if the old sweet life, with father and nurse, must have been a dream. One bitter grief had come to them in the dead. It had been her custom to visit them on the last Saturday in every month for an hour in the afternoon, by special permission of the Superior, and neither storm nor rain, snow nor bail, had ever kept Biddy away. Her visit was a bright spot in the lives of the girls. They clung to her and loved her in that too brief hour as if she had been verily their mother. The vulgar Irish face, the hands hardened by them, as dear as if she had been the finest lady in the land. She came to them laden bright-colored neck ribbons to enliven their sombre black uniform. She told them her scraps of news about the outside world. She walked with them is the garden, or sat with them in the visitors' parlor, and they were utterly happy so long as she stayed. At last, after they had been four years

and a half in the convent, there came one never to be forgotten Saturday on which there was no visitor for the Demoiselles O'Hara. It was a peerless June day, and the girls had pictured Biddy as she walked along the sandy road from Bruges, where she had a hardish place as maid-of-allwork in a Flemish tradesman's family. own flesh and blood. If Miss Fitzpatrick | They fancied how she would enjoy the sun- prayers, with the refreshment of a slice of bark! there was the convent clock striking three. In another moment the bell would ring, the loud, barsh bell, which sounded so sweet upon that one particular afternoon. Biddy was the soul of punctuality. The clock had seldom finished striking before the bell rang. The girls were sitting in the garden, as near the gateway and the porter's lodge as they were allowed to go. They waited and waited, listening for the again to be rung by that honest hand. At last the clock struck four, and they knew that all hope was over for that day. From three to four was the hour appointed by authority for Biddy's visit. She would not presume to come after that hour.

"There will be a letter to morrow, per haps," said Rose, with a sigh. "Poor dear Biddy! It is such an effort for her to write. But the days went by, and there was no letter. The last Saturday in July came, and there had been no sign or token from Biddy. The rules of the convent school were strict, and the girls were allowed to

write to no one except relatives. That last Saturday in July was a dull, stormy day, a sullen, sultry day, with she asked, in a whisper. heavy thunder-showers. Again the two girls pictured their friend upon the sandy road, this time wrapped in her Irish frieze cloak, the county woman's cloak which she had worn ever since Rose could remember. and struggling against the storm with her stout Belgian um trella of dark red cotton. But the clock struck three, and the clock struck four, the girls waiting through the and there was no touch of Bridget Ryan's hand upon the convent bell.

Then Rose grew desperate, and went straight to the Reverend Mother, and asked permission to write to Bridget, who must be ill, or surely she would have come. The Superior hesitated a little; rules were strict, and if once broken-and so on and so on. But the pale, anxious face and tearful eyes touched her, and she gave the age stamp.

Three days Rose and Kathleen waited anxiously for the reply to their letter, and then came a formal epistle from a lawyer in Bruges, who had the honor to acquaint the young ladies that their late father's old servant, Madame Ryan, had died at midnight on the last Saturday in June, after a very short illness, and that she had bequeathed the whole of her savings to Mad emoiselle Rose O'Hara, said savings amounting, after payment of funeral ex-

penses, to five hundred and fifty francs. Deep and bitter was the grief of the sisters at the loss of this faithful friend-the only woman friend whose warm motherly love Kathleen had ever known. Rose gave a hundred france to the Reverend Mother Kathleen wanted her to devote all the

"What do we want with the poor

hope for: the nuns were too poor to afford experienced elder sister; "but the day may come when a little money will save us from

> The day came when those few gold pieces, which Rose kept under lock and key er, made the two girls independent of tyranny, or that which seemed to them as ty ranny of an altogether unbearable kind.

The good Reverend Mother, under whose firm but friendly rule Rose and Kathleen had grown up, one to a tall, well developed girl of eighteen, the other to a slim sapling of eleven, was transferred to a larger and wealthier convent, and was replaced by a sour-visaged nun whose piety was of the gloomy order, and who wanted to rule the community with a rod of iron. Every thing was changed under her dominion. every rule made more severe, every little innocent pleasure curtailed or forbidden. A dark pall came down upon the convent, and discontent brooded like an evil pres ence by the bear h.

Kathleen, in high health, active, full of life and spirits, was one of the first to break the new rules. Her payety was mis conduct. her fresh, ringing laugh as of fence. She was continually getting into disgrace; and Rose, who saw her punished by all sorts of small privations and by the burden of extra tasks, rebelled in her heart against the tyraut, although she urged her young sister to submission and obedience. There came a day-a bright summer day

when the punishment lesson was heavier than usual, although Kathleen's offence had been of the slightest kind.

"Kathleen O'Hara has an obstinate temper and it must be conquered," said the Reverend Mother, when she was told of a

To day Kathleen had a headache. She was flushed and feverish, overcome by the both girls as if that year had been the longest in their lives-the longest and most nabappy. The child made a feeble effort to write the German exercise which had been given to her as a punishment tack; but soon gave up altogether, and sat crying with the book open before her, and the sun pouring its fierce light upon her flushed,

This was taken for rank contumacy, and when the Reverend Mother came upon her round of inspection from a superior class, she ordered Kathleen off to a room at the top of the house, a bare garret nuder the thin, hot roof, which was used only for solitary confinement in very bad cases. It was the black-hole of the convent.

Kathleen was marched up to this place of durance vile, and kept there till evening her, thought Kathleen, dancing along be cup of water. In the cool eventide she was an oven all day, and she and Rose lay down side by side in their narrow heds at the end of the long dormitory, nearest the door.

When all the others were asleep, Rose knelt by her sister's bed, and kissed and comforted her; but the child was brokenhearted. She said she would die in that miserable house. Lessons were given to her which she could not learn, and then she was punished for not learning them. bell which never rang; which never was She had been frightened in that dreadful room. She had heard things-awful things -running about behind the walls, squeaking and screaming. She thought they were demons.

> "They were rate, darling," said Rose, caressing and conthing her. "You shall never, never be put in that room again, if you will be brave, and trust me."

Rose shuddered at the thought of that stifling garret, under the burning roof, and the rats running about behind the wainscoating. She had heard of children being caten alive by rats.

"Shall we steal out of the house to-morrow morning as soon as it is light, and go away and live by ourselves somewhere?"

It was an hour after bedtime; the other children were all snoring on their hard litile bolsters. There was no one to overhear the sisters as they whispered and plotted It was no new thought with Rose O'Hara. She had been meditating upon it for a long time, ever since the new rule had begun and had made Kathleen unbappy. She had never forgotten those words of Miss hour with listening ears and beating heart, Fitzpatrick's: "When you are grown up you will have to get your own living, and then you may have to be parted." The very thought of severance from Kathleen, this only beloved of her heart, was despair. Rose made up her mind that there should be no such parting. Why should they not work and live together? Rose felt herself strong and brave, and able to work for both. She had wasted no opportunity that the convent afforded ber. She had learned all that required permission and the necessary pos- her teachers had given her to learn, and now felt herself able to teach as she had been taught. It Miss Fitzpatrick were left free to plan their lives, she and her sister would be parted; but if she took their fate into her own hands, they could spend their lives together-prosper or fail together; and in her young hopefulness it seemed to her that failure was hardly possible.

She whispered the plan to Kathleen They were to get up at daybreak-at the first glimmer of light-dress themselves and creep out of the dormitory and down the stairs, with their shoes in their hands. The door opening into the garden was bolted only. They had nothing to do but draw back the heavy bolts noiselessly. The garden was guarded by high walls, except in one weak point, which the girls knew well. An older wall, only eight feet high -a ponderous old wall, with heavy buttresses of erumbling brick-divided the western side of the garden from an extensive orchard sloping down to the river.

This wall had been scaled by many young rebel, in quest of plums and peace. and it would be no obstacle to the sisters escape. Rose would take a change of I nen in a little bundle, and her fortune of fifteen gold pieces, Biddy's legacy, in her pocker; and with this stock of worldly wealth they would make their way to Paris, that won derful, beautiful city, of which they had beard so much from some of their school fellows, the daughters of Parisian tradesmen, who had been sent to the Belgium convent for cheapness.

NO. 24.

"Are we going to walk all the way?" ask-

"Not all the way, darling. We can go by rail. But if we find the journey would cost us too much we might walk part of the way." "I will walk as far as you like; I'm not Indian beads and ornaments. sfraid," said Kathleen.

Their scheme prospered. In the dewy

morning they climbed the crumbling or-

chard wall, where there was plenty of footwet grass to the edge of the river, following in digging for it, but I tell them it is too which they came to the high-road. They avoided Bruges, the city of church towers, and steep roofs, and many bridges, and made for the road to Courtrai. Their first day's journey of fifteen miles was over a dusty road-long, dreary and monotonous -a weary walk; but they rested on the way at a cottage, where they enjoyed a meal of bread and fruit which cost them only a few pence. Not for years had they so relished any feast as they enjoyed this little dinner the saloons, called the "Cowboy's Saloon," of black bread and black cherries, which they are in a little arbor covered with a hop vine, in a corner of the cottage garden They were three days on the road to Courtrai, sleeping in humble cottages, and living on the humblest fare. At the railway station at Courtral, Rose found that the blotted exercise or a little outbreak of tem- price of railway tickets to Paris, even the cheapest they could buy, would make a great hole in their little fortune; so she and Kathleen decided that they would walk all midsummer heat. Just a year had gone the way. It was a long journey, but not since Bridget's death, and it seemed to so long as that of the Scotch girl whom Rose had read about in Sir Walter Scott's

"I should like to walk," said Kathleen, "I have been so happy to-day-no lessons no one to scold us. The sky, and the flowers, and the fields all to ourselves."

Rose found a decent lodging for the night in a weaver's cottage, and they started next morning on the road to Paris, Kathleen as merry as a lark, Rose happy, but with a grave sense of responsibility.

They were weeks upon the road, in the balmy summer weather, walking and walking, on and on, under a cloudless blue sky; for the heavens favored them, and the peer less July weather lasted all through their journey, save on one day when they were caught in a thunder storm, and had to take refuge in a descried stable, where they sat crouched together in a dark corner, while

ing across the dusky gloom.

They were often very tired; they were often half choked and half blinded by the they were happy; for they were together, and they were free. It was the first real in the cool shade of some strange church strange priests before village altars. They found friends at the cottages where they lodged. The women all admired Kathleen's golden bair and blue eyes, and sympathized with the sisters when told that they were orphans beginning the world together. No one overcharged or robbed them. They were treated generously every where. Their very defencelessness was their shield and

And thus through toil, that had none of ed the great city, which to their young imaginations was like a fairy city. They did not quite believe that the streets were payed with gold, but they fancied life would be very easy there, and that their hearts would be always light enough to enjoy the sparkle of the fountains, the glory of the broad, strong river, the perfume of flowers, the grand churches, the beautiful theatres, and the shining lamplit boulevards, about which their schoolfellows had told them so much.

Continued next week. A Straw from Obio. Correspondence New York Herald.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31 -A letter receive ed from Ohio to day by First Comptroller Lawrence contains the following bit of political gossip, which is characterized as a straw. The prominence of the writer, it is said, makes his statements worth repeating. He says:

Recently I came in contact with quite number of prominent republicans in this state who have surprised me by their free trade atterances. I am told there are many free trade republicans in Cincinnati, and so a square issue joined between the two parties on that question these republicans would vote the democratic ticket. I will not be surprised to find a few of our most active republicans openly advocating the election of the democratic candidate for president on the ground that the repub-

Pardoned For a Child's Sake. Sr. Louis, Jan. 2.-When Governo Crittenden's little daughter Katie was dying a tew weeks ago it was said that she received a promise from her father that he would pardon Charles Stevens, alias secordance with that promise, Stevens was of his lower jaw. pardoned. He was in for the murder of John Mayhan, whom he killed in a saloon encounter on March 20, 1878, Stevens was an artist, and carved many beautiful trinkets which he presented to the goverpor's daughter, thus winning the love and triendship of the child.

Most poor people prefer to be left a loan rather than receive visits from rich rela- head centre with his hair-brush.-[Glasgow tives .- [Glasgow Times.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

THE RESIDENCE OF STREET, SALES AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY O

Editor Breekenridge Nows:

SPANISH FORT, TEXAS, Dec. 22 -- The weather is warm and pleasant here now, There has been but one light frost to this date and I was not out early enough to see that. Stock running on the range are "big fat."

Spanish Fort is on Red river, fifteen miles below Red River Station. In an early day, in order to hold the country to Red river, the Spaniards built a fort and left a garison here, but were attacked so vigorously by the Comunche Indians that they were compelled to evacuate and correct back into Mexico as best they could. Those that were not killed in the forest got as far as Queen's Peak, in his (Montague) county, where they were again attacked, and, tradition says, all were killed but two, who made their escape to carry the and news of the tragic fate of their comrades to their friends in Mexico. Around the old fort can be found many relics of the hotly contested battle, such as steel and flirt arrow-heads, battle-axes, bullets, etc. Many bars of lead with a Spanish brand, Spanish coins, etc., are often picked up, and the ground is literally covered with

Many persons claimithat there is a vast amount of coin buried here, and some lave been so foolish as to dig for it; but they bave not been futurate enough to find it. hold on the broken brick, and ran across the Others are trying to get me to join them much like work for me. I would prefer raising cotton for my money, and I am sure that I would not like that.

This is said to be the hardest town in the state at the present time. There is not a day that it is not full of cowb ys and Indians. The continual roar of the cowboy's pistol mingled with the vell of the drunken Chickasaw forms a choir of music that is delightful to listen to. Over one of is the picture of a cow, and in this cow I am satisfied there are five hundred bullet holes. But when this shooting begins my business "lies rolling," and I retire to my room, go to bed, and go to sleep, or at least make believe that I am sleeping.

But, for hospitality and generosity, the citizens of this town compare favorably with any that I have met in the state. L. R. A.

## NORTON SCHOOLHOUSE.

The boys had a glorious time around here attending Christmas parties, notwithstanding the rainy weather and muddy

There was a spelling match at the school house on December 22, and we had a nice

This vicinity can furnish large charivaring parties. Misses S. E. N- and I. L. H- bad a fine time the other night charivaring a young couple that had been married about a month, but, alas! they found nobody at home.

Mr. A. H-, have you and Mr. W. - quit renning opposition in going to see the same girl?

The Mystery of Red Gulch.

This is the story of Mr. Jim Brown, which is just now convulsing the inhabithad sent them all three to Ireland, and give shine, and the hedges all in flower, and the black bread—such bread as the conchinen the thunder rolled over the broken thatch. ants of Red Gulch, Ariz. Mr. Jim Brown, gian lodging; and when the two children en her a cottage, a potato-field, and a pig, song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that country—and a long song of the lark. If they could but be with give their horses in that long song of the lark. crack or filling a "bobtail," they do say none of the Red Gulchers could beut him, chalky dust of the long, level roads; but But Mr. Jim became afflicted with a mysterious malady, which had the effect of turning his skin darker and darker, and a holiday they had known since they had en | dark skin not being hankered after in Aritered the convent gate. No lessons, no zona any more than it is in Ohio, Mr. Jim, burdens of any kind. Every day they knelt after due consultation with his friends, determined to call on the doctor. The docto pray. They heard the mass sung by tor, who, by the way, was a recent resident of Peoria, III -Dr. McHenry was his name - 'made a careful diagnosis, and preacribed a lotion of hot water with friction. soap, sand, and many other detergent appliances known to the craft." As Life condenses the story, "in two hours Mr. Jim emerged and went home, cured. Next morning Red Gulch rang with the news that Mrs. Jim had been surprised in the early morning by the impudent intrusion of a pallid stranger, whom she had the bitterness of toil, they slowly approach | promptly and praiseworthily shot dead. A coroner's jury was impaneled, eminent cit zens viewed the remains, and every effort at indentification was made, but in vain, and the stranger was buried with that simplicity and absense of formality which makes Arizona funerals so remarkable, Meanwhile it was ascertained that Mr. Jim. had mysteriously disa; peared. This drew suspicion on the doctior, whose house he had been last seen to enter. A posse of citizens waited upon him, and, with that enthusiasm peculiar to border committees, hanged bim to the nearest tr e without asking an explanation. Red Gulch now feels that justice has been done, although the whereabouts of Mr. Jim Brown are

still a mystery." A Race Riot Averted at Mr. Sterling. LEXINGTON, Jan. 2 -- At Mt. Sterling yesterday the whites and negroes quarreled over the explosion of fire works, and a race row seemed imminent. A great crowd of armed negroes appeared on the stree s and things looked serious. G. od countels prevailed to stop a bloody riot, and a number of arrests took the head from the trouble

Nerte and presence of mind saved John H. Foldkump's life. He is a cutter in a Cincinnati clothing store. While he was operating a muchine a spring broke, and as he reached to pick up a detached piece, his long beard was caught and rapidly wound into the machinery, which threatened to draw in his head and crush it. Instantly he threw out his arms and braced them against the frame of the cutter, and thus he stood until his beard had been "Omaha Charley," serving a life sentence | pulled out by the roots and a part of his n the Missouri penitentiary. To-day, in cheek had been torn off, exposing the gum

> When Dr. Hall wrote that the surest receipt known for whitening ladies' complexion was found in the animal kingdom, he probably referred to a rat .- [Gissgow Times.

About the most miserable part of a young man's life is when he fails to strike